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MEMORIAL MEETING

George Sewall Boutwell

"One who obeyed throughout his life the words of old tradition, 'Speak the truth, though every man be a liar'; who in advanced years set the example of courage and ardor to boys; who was hopeful when victorious and yet more so when defeated. It is easy for a strong man to resist his opponents, but this man stood a harder test, for when conscience bade him he could withstand even friends."

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

FANEUIL HALL

BOSTON

APRIL 18, 1905

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APRIL 18, 1905

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GEORGE SEWALL BOUTWELL.

Born January 28, 1818. Died February 27, 1905.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

George Sewall Boutwell.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, Jr., said, in taking the chair:

Friends—We are met in commemoration of a life nobly and fully lived by a citizen of Massachusetts. It was a life so abounding in usefulness, and so rich in length of days that it has been deemed best that the conventional oration should be displaced by a series of appreciations from men of many opinions and of varying careers. The monument we seek to raise tonight is not the polished obelisk wrought by the master builder, but the cairn that rises as each man tosses upon its summit the chosen pebble picked from his own field of effort.

It is fitting that the Commonwealth should express the gratitude of Massachusetts that such a man lived among us, for the ideals by which he lived were Massachusetts ideals, firm and deep-rooted as the granite of our Massachusetts hillsides, and the title by which the publicist, the lawyer, the Congressman, the Secretary, the Senator was ever and will ever be greeted in the mouths of the people was none of these, but Governor George S. Boutwell.

The REV. CHARLES G. AMES, D. D., made the invocation.

The presiding officer read the following letters which had been received, and communications from the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, Mr. Moorfield Storey, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and the Hon. George E. McNeill, who were unable to be present:

Augusta, Ga.

Nobody esteems the character and services of our departed friend more highly than I do. I had a hearty affection for him in his life time and I revere his memory after his death. CARL SCHURZ.

Maitland, Fla.

To me he was in many respects the noblest figure on the stage of public life in America. How we shall miss his wise counsel and heroic leadership! But his example remains with us an inspiration to uncompromising effort in the great warfare we are waging in behalf of liberty and eternal right. ALBION A. PERRY.

San Francisco.

Language fails to convey the heart's deepest emotion when such noble souls are taken from mortality. You and those who have listened to his words of wisdom so often must indeed mourn his departure.

MARIA FREEMAN GRAY.

New York.

I deeply regret my inability to be present at the meeting in memory of the late Governor Boutwell, one of our public men who upheld the best traditions of the Fathers and passed away worthy to be ranked with them. To the long list of Massachusetts men who have contributed to the founding and growth of the American Republic, his name may be confidently added. Among these the late Governor's service will rank high, because it was his privilege to serve the Republic in the greatest crisis of its history.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Cumberland, Me.

I was deeply affected when I learned the news of the death of Mr. Boutwell. Knowing the great amount of good he has done for the Philippines in the last six years I cannot but lament his death intensely.

JOSE P. KATIGBAK.

New York.

I want to express my great grief at the death of Governor Boutwell. He was a grand old man and I counted it one of my greatest privileges that I could see the little of him I did on my trips to Boston. * * * He seemed to me the most wonderful old man I ever saw and I can well realize what a stimulus and help close association with him must have been.

E. W. ORDWAY.

Richmond, Ind.

With me George S. Boutwell was numbered among the foremost, the most distinguished and the most worthy men of your state.

D. S. BURSON.

Sioux City, Iowa.

I am deeply grieved to learn of the death of the Hon. George S. Boutwell. This is a great loss to our country. We had not yet become reconciled to the loss of Senator Hoar when this last grief came to us.

A. S. GARRETTSON.

London.

I share your grief in the sense of the great loss we have sustained in the death of Governor Boutwell.

WILLIAM J. PALMER.

New York.

Governor Boutwell will ever live in my memory as my ideal of the American citizen.

LOUIS R. EHRICH.

Philadelphia, Pa.

It is with the deepest regret I find it impossible to accept your kind invitation to speak at the meeting to be held in memory of the late Governor Boutwell in Faneuil Hall on Tuesday evening. I esteem it a high honor to have my name connected with any meeting called for such a purpose. If our great leader could speak today I feel sure he would say that the best way of honoring his memory is to prosecute, with renewed vigor, the great work to which he devoted the latest years of his long life. If I were asked to suggest a keynote for the Faneuil Hall meeting I should express it after the manner of Lincoln at Gettysburg: "That from our honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which he here gave the last full measure of devotion." There are many who think today that the cause for which Governor Boutwell made his last fight is a lost cause. In two presidential campaigns it has apparently met defeat. Its present predicament might be likened to that of the cause of American independence in 1774, when your Sam Adams could find no one to take an interest in his anti-British talk, when your John Adams quit politics for law, and when Jefferson said: "Our countrymen seem to have fallen into a state of insensibility to our situation." In words much like those of Jefferson, Mr. James Bryce has recently remarked that our people are not reflecting deeply on the question of imperialism, and that they do not seem to realize that it is "in essence a transformation of the fundamental character of the Republic." And yet, just as surely as the Declaration of Independence came only a few years after Great Britain had repealed the most of the duties against which our forefathers protested, just so surely do I believe that the cause for which Governor Boutwell labored so earnestly is destined to command, in the near future, the approval of the American people.

GEORGE G. MERCER.

I have been ill for the last three days, and I do not dare to risk attending a public meeting tomorrow night.

I sincerely regret the circumstance which prevents me from saying at least a small word on the occasion, and to testify my profound respect for the high character, the great ability and the broad statesmanship of George S. Boutwell. Nobody now thinks of the offices that he held, but of what he was and what he did for humanity and liberty. That will be his monument through the ages, and it will neither perish nor be defaced.

PATRICK A. COLLINS.

We speak here each from his own standpoint. Let me speak from mine.

If I were asked to characterize Governor Boutwell in a single sentence, I should say that he was in the best sense of the word a Democrat. By that I do not mean that he was a member of the Democratic party, but that he was a man who had absolute faith in his fellow men, in their capacity and their honest purpose, whatever their country, their race or their color. He believed with the founders of

this government and their great successors, with Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, Sumner and Andrew, that all men are created with equal political rights, and that no man and no nation is good enough to govern another without that other's consent. Hence he was always and everywhere the friend of freedom. Because he believed in the people, he began his life as a Democrat. When he found that the Democratic party had become the party of slavery, he left it and was among the very first to found the Republican party as the party of freedom. So long as that party was true to its faith he never forsook it, but when it embarked in the career of foreign conquest and undertook to govern an alien people against their will, he labored as earnestly to overthrow it as in the early days he had labored to build it up. No dreams of world power, no visions of commercial triumph, no thought of glory or dollars, no political ties blinded his vision. To him human freedom was the supreme end and everything else was as dust in the balance. He was the embodiment of that Massachusetts spirit, that native love of liberty, which inspired our fathers at Concord and Bunker Hill, which trampled the fugitive slave law under foot, which we heard in the poems of Whittier and Lowell and in the burning words of Garrison, Phillips and Sumner, which fired the hearts of our soldiers on every battlefield of the Civil War, and of which every true son of Massachusetts is prouder than of all else that she can boast.

When the conquest of the Philippines was proposed, this living faith in the right of every people to freedom, which he had worked so hard and so long to secure, called him from the serene retirement which he had richly earned at an age when men hesitate to undergo labor and hardship. He sprang to the conflict with all the ardor of youth, with absolute faith in the justice of his cause and with unwavering confidence in its certain triumph. With nothing personal to gain but at no small personal risk, in the heat of summer and in the cold of winter he made long journeys, addressed large audiences, encountered odium and ridicule, and so long as his life was spared never ceased to plead with voice and pen for the rights of the Filipinos. Such courage, such public spirit, such devotion to a great cause may well shame many a younger man who sharing his faith and perhaps his pride in the high traditions of Massachusetts has lacked the courage to share his labors and his sacrifices.

We meet here to honor Governor Boutwell, not because he held high offices with credit and success—in that respect many are his equals—but because during a long life he was ever the consistent, brave and devoted friend of human liberty and the foe of arbitrary power whether exercised by a master over his slave, or by a conqueror over the conquered—because he believed in a great principle and proved his faith by his life.

It is fitting that we should do homage to his memory, but if our words are not mere empty phrases, let us pay him that far truer homage, the only homage which he himself would value, and follow where he has led. Let us show

our countrymen that though Boutwell and Hoar are dead Massachusetts is not dead, that the ancient faith of this old Commonwealth which they upheld so nobly still lives in the hearts of her children and that she cannot long remain untrue to freedom. MOORFIELD STOREY.

EPITAPH.

Here lies one who obeyed throughout his life the words of old tradition, "Speak the truth, though every man be a liar"; who in advanced years set the example of courage and ardor to boys; who was hopeful when victorious and yet more so when defeated. It is easy for a strong man to resist his opponents, but this man stood a harder test, for when conscience bade him he could withstand even friends.
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

George S. Boutwell was endowed with the sterling staying qualities of the Puritans, combined with the earnest self-denying patriotism of the men of 1776. He was touched with the fire of the times of Garrison, Phillips and Parker.

He entered public life when the moral atmosphere was surcharged with pure ideals and pure motives; the formative period of the present industrial and social uprising. He and his co-patriots were guided more by moral principles and ethical considerations than by commercial incentives, and financial aspirations.

When he was a member of Congress he aided in the passage of the eight-hour law, and when that law was violated by those having its enforcement in charge he joined with Wilson, Banks and Butler in securing the full benefits of the law to the Government employees, and when, in his closing years he had determined to leave the Republican party, his first declaration was made to a body of working men.

When the possessors of wealth sought to oppress the poor, and rob the Commonwealth by seeking exemption from taxation, he uttered his protest and voiced the demands of the silent ones for equality in taxation. When the Tory element of the community demanded less frequent elections, he joined with the forces of organized labor, and became the President of the Anti-Biennial League, whose signal victory at the polls gave hope for the continuance of a Democratic form of Government.

Through all the years of his life he stood steadfast, an earnest, devoted American; the highest title that can be accorded to any citizen. GEORGE E. McNEILL.

ADDRESSES.

THE HON. JOHN D. LONG.

The presiding officer has done well to limit to five minutes the time of each speaker tonight and thus give an opportunity for the friends of Governor Boutwell to show by the number and variety of tributes which they pay him, the wide hold he has on the esteem and respect of the great body of his fellow citizens. Whether or not they have agreed with him in this or that point of theology or politics or economics, they are one in admiration of the fundamental integrity of his life, character and service. Talk of the simple life! He lived it for eighty-six years. Talk of the strenuous life! He exemplified it. To him life was real, life was earnest. Not a man of fancy or imagination, he walked the straightforward path of plain practical living and thinking.

He was a patriot, and Faneuil Hall is a fitting place and the eve of Patriot's Day a fitting time in which to commemorate him. He loved his country in the true way of an unswerving fidelity to the political principles which he believed lay at the foundation of a republic of freemen.

He was a statesman. He came to the chief magistracy of the Commonwealth, to the national Congress, to the federal cabinet, to every great office he filled, not as a seeker after place for place sake with its emoluments and honors, not to add a title to his name, not as an avocation from his usual line of life, but because great questions of state were always the natural occupation of his mind. In his youth he believed that the long-time dominant party in control of Massachusetts did not sufficiently represent the interests of the great mass of the people, and in that behalf he won the day and the governorship against great odds. In his maturity he was a leader in the republican party because he believed that it stood for freedom and equal rights and sound economic principles and that his duty was to give his heart and hand with all his might to its work. In his old and venerable age, bent with years but with a mind vigorous as an oak, he arrayed himself against that party and fought it with the ardor of youth and, not yet recovered from the precipitation of the old impulse of the anti-slavery crusade, denounced it as departing from some of its fundamental principles in that line. I unqualifiedly believe that he was wrong in his criticism and limited in his outlook, but he was right in his loyalty to his convictions and I honor him for his fidelity to them and for his courage in urging them.

He was a great citizen of Massachusetts. He never lowered his standard. He never walked in any devious path. He never descended to intrigue or trick. He never shammed. He never trifled. His range of reading and thinking and speaking on topics that related to great prob-

lems of character, destiny and social and material welfare was large and comprehensive. I never heard him speak that I was not impressed with the soundness of his sense and the weight and suggestiveness of his observation and that I did not carry away material for reflection.

I lay my tribute on the altar of the memory of this grand old man with reverence and thankfulness. What a long, loyal, ripe and devoted life was his! How full the corn in the ear! How typical of the best traditions and ideals of New England culture and duty! Happy such a man who, when the conflict is over and its blows and bitterness are past, stands erect, respected alike by comrade and opponent, without scar on his conscience, without blot on his fair name! He fought a good fight. He finished his course. He kept the faith. There is laid up for him in the mansions of the Lord a crown of righteousness and in the heart of Massachusetts a place with her historic sons who have won her benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

Fortunate indeed is the community, the state, the nation, that produces and develops eminent leaders in progressive thought, heroic action, dauntless courage, high moral character and noble purpose. They are the beacon lights of liberty, they are the pillars of justice, truth, humanity and enlightened civilization.

Such a character and such a life was that of George S. Boutwell, and fortunate indeed is the city of Boston, the state of Massachusetts and the great Republic, who recognize him as one of their noblest sons, and who will revere his name so long as the American people appreciate the services of the defenders of their institutions.

He first saw the light of dawn almost within the shadow of this "Cradle of Liberty" where we are now assembled. Reared in humble circumstances, he acquired habits of life that were beneficial to him as a student and in his various occupations. Stepping from the lower round in the ladder of fame he soon ascended, step by step, until even at an early age he became our honored chief magistrate.

As a boy, I remember seeing him review the State troops as the Governor of the Commonwealth. He impressed upon that body of men his character of devotion to duty, his high sense of honor and patriotism, that has been an inspiration to the militia of this State from that day to this and has contributed largely towards the success of that splendid organization and inspired it to heroic deeds and glorious achievements upon many of the red fields of war.

Occupying various positions of responsibility, he brought all the excellent qualifications that he possessed to the service of the State and Nation. As Governor, as Legislator, as Congressman, Senator, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and all the various positions in which he was placed, he has fulfilled the duties of the highest offices with wisdom, integrity and profound statesmanship.

His heart was large enough to not only embrace the welfare of his own people and their interests, but it beat in sympathy for every oppressed race, whether they came to our shores to avoid the harsh and severe despotisms of the Old World and to share the atmosphere and blessings of liberty and freedom in the New World, or whether they were the oppressed race that for centuries had been subjected to unrequited toil. His statesmanship and deep sense of humanity was strong enough and broad enough to sympathize with the millions of people in the Orient who had been struggling for liberty, and he had the independence and courage to espouse their cause and defend their rights, even if it sacrificed the association and affiliation of his old associates in the political party, of which he was one of the founders. His party was patriotism and his platform the integrity and honor of his country.

With all the honors that were bestowed upon him, with all the eulogies that may be said concerning his long and eventful career, not the least creditable feature of that most remarkable life was the fact that he could live in an atmosphere of political intrigue, in an age of commercial politics, even at a time when men acquired wealth solely in the political profession, and maintain that spotless character and died, as he was reared and had lived, leaving naught behind him but an enviable career, his immeasurable services for his people, State and Nation, and a record and name that will be an inspiration and a glory for future ages.

A character that is better appreciated when the spirit has departed than when mingling with the living, he illustrated the truth of those lines that

"He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
'Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Boutwell covered only the last seven years of his life. When, with his official activities seemingly ended, he resumed the practice of law in Boston, his familiar figure on the street revived old memories and inspired feelings of respect. Attached as he was to public life, for which he was admirably fitted, retirement, even at his age, could not have been welcome.

His intellectual powers were unabated and seasoned with rare experience and matured judgment, but a new era had arrived, with aims and standards adverse to those which had inspired and dignified the historic years of his service. Younger men holding ambitions of a different order crowded the veterans, illustrating the transitory nature of popularity and success.

At best the twilight of a political eclipse is sombre, but in this case it was brightened by a serene spirit and a

philosophic mind. Contemplating a finished public career, he little dreamed that the capsheaf of his fame—his greatest title to the nation's gratitude—was yet to be attained. He was to realize what Richard Cobden said of Sir Robert Peel, that if he had lost office he had gained a country. It is true that George S. Boutwell's name had already secured its niche in the history of his remarkable times, a period of trial and incomparable exaltation.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

There is not a stage in the progress of the country's crucial struggle for emancipation in which he was not a prominent actor. And in the succeeding days of reconstruction, hardly less full of storm and stress, his usefulness was constant. His responsible part in securing the passage of the 15th amendment is in itself a monument to his honor. In spite of the present tendency to deplore that act, it will remain, next to the abolition of slavery, the most valuable fruit of the civil war.

But during that exciting epoch he was only one among a distinguished group of anti-slavery statesmen who had been hardened and tempered in the heat of a moral reform. Strength of character and intellectual force fitted them to the occasion and its demands. Holding a firm grasp of fundamental principles, they kept ever in view the goal fixed by the founders of the republic. When forced by conscience to break with his party, Mr. Boutwell stood a pillar of faith, self-exiled and indomitable, overshadowing and not overshadowed.

He was a strong believer in government by party, making the wrench severe when manhood compelled such course, but he deprecated political action outside of party lines, viewing with indifference or disapproval the conscientious guerillas of politics. Inflexible opponents may still hold each other in friendly esteem, or in evil times combine together for questionable ends, but the independent is to partisans an Ishmael, decreed to wander in the desert, where offices grow no more than grain.

Mr. Boutwell's mental attitude in this respect is noteworthy, as he was fated for conscience sake to find many of this outcast band among his latest associates, and to appreciate how invigorating, compared with the stifling atmosphere of politics, is the clear sunshine and air of the wilderness. Working with men and women having no personal ambitions to further, no places of honor or profit to seek, chiefly intent on following ethical light, brought satisfaction and sustainment. Though chary of emotional expression, he could invoke it. It is certain that he leaves no more sincere and affectionate mourners than his latest coadjutors.

It is a modest prophecy that when a future Bancroft or Rhodes shall write the story of these times, the Sage of Groton will occupy no mean place. The revolution, the civil war and the imperialist movement will then mark the three great epochs in the annals of the United States; the

first, a foundation of civil government upon the ideals of the Declaration of Independence; the second, the slaveholders' baffled attempt to subvert it; the third, the substitution of despotism for democracy—a chapter as yet far from closed.

When the latest issue was forced, our venerable friend, sadly taking the hand of duty, elected to withdraw from the party of his love. Conspicuous in his loneliness, like Bright and Cobden during the Crimean war, keeping the faith when trusted leaders declined to risk careers for convictions and the uncomprehending multitude were hostile, he gave his remaining years to unceasing and vigorous protest against what seemed to him a betrayal of freedom.

Confident of the ultimate result, refusing to entertain the doubt of liberty's triumph, he died without the sight, bequeathing to his country an example worthy of its best traditions. This gathering testifies to the profound respect which, to the credit of the human race, true loyalty to conviction and courage to defy a frowning world unfailingly inspires. In minority parties men often are content to renounce the sweets of success costing the sacrifice of principle. They have the countenance and solace of a compact body of supporters. But to forego that support, to receive unshaken the bitter censure of old friends, "to be true to the truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for a lie," what fibre and manliness it bespeaks!

Such character as this receives sooner or later the reverence due, as exemplified by this memorial tribute. Nor are the mourners of this patriot confined to the country of his birth. In distant islands of the Pacific unknown friends of a different race recognize the loss.

"Hence eyes that ne'er beheld him now are dim,
And alien men on alien shores lament."

THE HON. A. A. PUTNAM.

I would I were able to cast into expression the thoughts that possess me as I contemplate the life and character of the man whose presence we here miss today; whose demise made vacant the place he held as the head of the organization known as the Anti-Imperialist League.

Mindful of the unwearying earnestness with which he discharged its duties, it is easy to believe that he regarded the presidency of the League, an office without emolument and attractive rather of censure than applause, as even more important than the highest of all he had before held and adorned. If this be a just view of his estimate of it, how true it is that, if ever a man died full of honors and wearing in his last hours the crowning honor of his life, Governor Boutwell is that man. I say is, for he is still with us. Verily, he still lives! Lives in the hearts of all his countrymen who have placed and still place country before party, duty before expediency, justice before policy, right before wrong.

Rare it is that a man, already distinguished, achieves his highest distinction when past the age of four score. Such rarity of fame can result only from extraordinary op-

portunity embraced by that unabated natural force which keeps the eye of the octogenarian undimmed, the heart fresh and the intellect keen and aggressive. To Governor Boutwell in the situation of a few years ago was afforded the opportunity and his were the understanding, character, soul and vitality to embrace it. Just then he was by every title the most illustrious member of the great party he helped to found, build and glorify throughout the period of its greatest glory. Hardly could mortal ken have foreseen that the Nestor of the time-honored organization would ever renounce his fellowship with it.

What though the party identical with his renown forsake the principles long declared to be fundamental and sacred; behold its multitudinous membership quite unanimous in plaudits of approval and the press and pulpit of the land similarly unanimous. Shall not he also assent and glide along in the beckoning current of prevailing sentiment, and so keep his standing good and regular in the grand old party during the waning years of his protracted journey? Yes, if the price be not too dear. At what price may he still have the countenance of his old time associates and the homage of the generation who have come upon the stage since he grandly figured upon it? At what price may he escape animadversion, severe to bitterness? At what price may the veteran still abide in the temple whose corner stone his hand helped to shape and lay? Simple the answer. Keep step, keep step, not with the traditions, pronouncements and customary ideals of the party, but with its departure from them. So to Nestor's apprehension was presented the issue—party or country, which?

Did the venerable statesman hesitate? No. His choice was made without delay and his course taken without equivocation. Yes, though weighted with the burden of age, taking on, so it seemed, all at once the freshness and fire of youth, and wedded by all the ties that could bind one in party fealty, he it was who, beyond all others of the nation cried out in flaming protest against the abandonment of the vital principles of republican government, and to the last continued to cry and spare not.

Incredible it seems, but he alone unswervingly kept the faith, alone almost, almost of all the surviving founders of '56 who in the on-coming conflict of freedom with slavery solemnly "resolved that the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the federal Constitution is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions."

Whether the organized resistance he headed to combat the imperial tendencies of the government shall prevail or fail, his niche in the temple of fame will be equally eminent with a considerate posterity. Time rectifies wrongs, my countrymen.

"Where today the martyr stands
Tomorrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's sacred urn."

So spoke Sumner while the struggling minority dared

the insolence of the slave oligarchy. None less certain shall be the vindication of Boutwell. With capacity equalled only by his courage, uprightness only by his wisdom and modesty only by his humanity, his name is high on the roll of statesmen, philanthropists and patriots, and in the coming time, if not now, he will be ranked as the great man in the crisis of the Republic, as was Lincoln in that of the insurrection and Washington in the arduous struggle of the revolution.

THE HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY.

It is still true, as Wendell Phillips used to say, that when Boston men have anything in hand which concerns the cause of human liberty they turn instinctively to Faneuil Hall. We have come here, on the eve of Patriots' Day, to pay honor to the memory of a patriot. It is one hundred and thirty years, almost to a moment, since Paul Revere took the Concord road to warn his countrymen against the approach of danger. That ride carried him into perpetual remembrance and a place in the history of his country. The man in whose memory we are here tonight died in the same service, and has gone to the same reward.

Governor Boutwell was the last of our historic characters. He spent his later years in the midst of a generation to which he was comparatively unknown. He was unknown to the politicians, as he disappeared from public position nearly thirty years ago. He was unknown to the bar, as he never dealt with the business of the state courts. Yet he was professionally engaged in more great causes, before the Supreme Court of the United States and other tribunals of national or international character, than any other Massachusetts man of his time, and he had a larger part in the history of the war and reconstruction period than any other citizen of Massachusetts, possibly with two exceptions. He had much to do with the making of the Fourteenth Amendment; and the Fifteenth, as it stands in the Constitution today, came from his hand. He put aside a nomination to the vice-presidency at a time when the course of subsequent events would have placed him at the head of the government. He was the colleague of Sumner, and the trusted friend and adviser of Lincoln and Grant. At the time of his death he was probably the one American citizen whose personal acquaintance had embraced all our most eminent statesmen and jurists from Webster's time down to our own. Yet he was so modest a man that he seemed to wear his public honors as a badge, of service, rather than of distinction.

Perhaps it would not have been unbecoming in the Commonwealth, in accordance with recent custom, to pay formal recognition, in her own house, to the departure of a son and citizen who bore with credit and distinction all her highest honors, and others bestowed by the nation, through a period of more than half a century. But we do not commemorate Governor Boutwell for the offices he held. There are men who stand erect and higher without the accessories of public place. The man who is a power in the state by weight of character and wisdom of counsel, who does not follow public opinion but creates it, who makes a private

station not only the post of honor but the post of command, that is the man on whom the state depends. To such a man official titles and the trappings of office add nothing. When the governor, the congressman, the senator, the cabinet minister, is forgotten, the people will remember the old man, steadfast and resolute, who stood for the faith of the fathers as the only hope of the sons. The Cradle of Liberty is the place for his eulogy, and this spontaneous tribute of his fellow-citizens is more significant than empty honors perfunctorily paid to official station.

He was eminent without public office, and influential without public power. Remanded by the vicissitudes of politics to private life, it remained for him to render in his latest years the most remarkable and perhaps the most enduring of all his public services, a service for which he will be remembered with Josiah Quincy and John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," as putting younger men to shame by the fertility, vigor and enthusiasm of his old age. At a time when he had earned repose by the labors of half a century, and at an age when it is the instinct of man to seek it, he put away repose and enlisted with all the ardor of youth in defence of the government against a new danger, as he beheld it, a danger the more insidious because it came from within and borrowed the mantle of liberty to cover the hand of arbitrary power. The courage and resolution with which he took his stand against it were wholly characteristic, and the fruit of the qualities which had made and kept him a public character. The most important events of his life turned upon his independence of party. He was by birth and training a Democrat, but he differed with the Democratic party upon the temperance question, and he was first elected to the legislature by the votes of Whigs, in a Whig town, as a temperance Democrat. He was never in accord with the Democratic party on the question of slavery, and he often declared with satisfaction that he never uttered a word in defence of that institution. He was made Governor, as a Free Soil Democrat, by the votes of Free Soil Whigs. It was while he held that position, fifty-three years ago almost to a day, that he stood upon this platform to greet Louis Kossuth, and words more instinct with the spirit of liberty are rarely uttered in this historic spot than those in which he spoke the welcome of a free people to the patriot who was trying to make Hungary a free state. He was an earnest man, a man of serious purposes, a man of conviction. He believed in his inmost soul that free institutions must stand upon the equality of all men before the law. It was this conviction that took him into the Republican party and made him one of the foremost leaders in working out its mission of making the principles of the Declaration of Independence the law of the land.

But parties to him were nothing, principles everything. When he saw his party, as he thought, recreant to the faith in which it was founded, he did not hesitate a moment to write his protest across the very front of the White House, as Luther nailed his defiance to the door of the church. He knew the penalty of that course and paid

it without complaint, and posterity will repay. He was not afraid of detraction, and detraction will not follow him. We may agree with him, or we may differ, but he has added one to the shining examples in our history, of moral heroism in the unflinching advocacy of an unpopular cause. He needs no statue to commemorate him, nor any epitaph not already written in his spotless integrity of purpose, and unselfish devotion to the principle which he believed to be the hope and promise of mankind.

THE HON. S. W. McCALL.

We are here tonight to honor the memory of a statesman, a patriot and a hero. For more than sixty years George S. Boutwell was a leader of the people. A legislator while yet a mere boy, the youngest Governor the Commonwealth ever had, her representative in Congress in both the Senate and the House, and the secretary of the national treasury, he filled those important offices with high honor, and then, long after his office-holding days had ended, as a private citizen in his old age, he won his fairest title to the gratitude of his countrymen. His career displayed an almost unexampled fidelity to great principles. He was born with a passion for freedom and the light that guided the footsteps of his youth did not shine dimly upon him in his last days, and his soul was filled with as worshipful a love of liberty at four score as it was at forty. He spent his young manhood in battling for the cause of freedom, and he was destined to witness a glorious triumph. And in the thick-gathering darkness of the day's ending he was found fighting valiantly in the same cause, with the odds vastly against him, but inspired by that unconquerable hope that springs from the midst of battles. He never descended to the plane of living "as though to breathe were life," but he lived to the last like the old Ulysses of Tennyson:

> "Some work of noble note may yet be done,
> * * * for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the western stars until I die."

He had scorn enough for the cant about "inferior races," which in practice means that to be weak is to be inferior. He lived sufficiently long to see one of the dark-skinned races awaken and by its thunderbolts of war teach the Caucasian peoples that their own future safety would be more secure upon the broad principles of justice and of national equality than upon the lesson of their own barbarous and brutal precedents. Boutwell was an idealist, but he cannot be dismissed as merely that; there was a practical and commonsense side to it all. To the enthusiasm of the idealist he joined the clear vision of the statesman. The application of the American principles of government which he championed to the last would have saved the Republic its least glorious, if not its most deadly, war. It would have established our empire in the East upon love and not fear. It would have prodigally extended the glorious hopes of nationality to that "land of the southern sun's choosing," that "pearl of the Orient seas," and would have prevented the cruel wrongs which centuries may not

erase from the minds of the Filipino people. At the same time that he battled to preserve our ideal America he battled against the imposition of an enormous military burden. Providence gave us the billows of the two great oceans to stand about us like a million ramparts that we might show to the world how peace might contribute to the happiness and elevation of mankind. He protested against spurning this priceless gift, against turning these ramparts against ourselves, whilst we sought a national boundary on the other side of the Pacific. Where will you find in our history, whether in peace or war, a more heroic figure than George S. Boutwell, regarding him from his eightieth birthday to the ending of his grand life? He was great in the many public offices which he held, but it is his supreme distinction that he was a great citizen.

THE REV. W. H. SCOTT.

Honored Sir, I feel happy and proud of the opportunity to be permitted to stand before this gathering in this historic place, where so much has been said and done for me and mine, and in a humble way express our love and appreciation of so great a man. Of his sixty years in public life, forty-four of them he spent laboring for the progress and freedom of the black race.

May it please you, honored sir, it is thus befitting that in this public memorial to the late lamented George S. Boutwell a member of my race should be present to express as far as words would permit the appreciation which is held by negroes all over this country.

He has been more than a friend to us. He has been a constant guide and counsellor. We truly lament the death of the Hon. George S. Boutwell, who, whether as governor, representative, treasurer, or senator, has always been a staunch friend of the oppressed in every land.

Honored sir, in these days of commercialism, militarism and the desire of empire, there are but few who have stood for equality and liberty. But the Hon. George S. Boutwell never bowed the knee to the Baal of unrighteousness. He stood at the gate of the Temple of Liberty with a flaming sword, as it were, to guard the sacred edifice from pollution. To him the stars and stripes were the emblems of liberty and freedom.

He had really imbibed the language of Philpot Curran, that the moment a man touched the soil of America and could look up to the stars and stripes, his soul walked abroad in her own majesty; his body swelled beyond measure of the chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.

Mr. Boutwell was a very remarkable man. At the time of his birth, in 1818, most of the fathers of the Constitution were alive. He must have heard his father and mother speak of those stormy times, which set his soul aflame. His public career began as early as 1843 and ended only with his death. His last great effort was a protest to this government not to assume the protectorate of San Domingo. Thus his last act was to save the Constitution. As

early as June, 1861, when the North and the South were both fighting for slavery, Mr. Boutwell shocked Harvard and the country by announcing in an address delivered before a literary society of Harvard College that the only way to save the union was to emancipate the slave.

O, prophetic statesman! A bright sun has sunk never to rise again, and we are groping our way through this dark firmament of statesmanship until another shall appear. Upon whom shall the mantle of Elijah fall?

Mr. Boutwell believed that a man who lived under a republican form of government should vote. He was the first to offer a resolution which looked toward manhood suffrage. As early as Jan. 18th, 1866, in Congress, on the District of Columbia Bill, referring to Hale's resolution of qualified suffrage for the negro, he said: "This demonstrates, I think, that the negro has everywhere the same right to vote as the white man. And I maintain still further that when you proceed one step from this line you admit that your government is a failure. What is the essential quality of monarchical and aristocratic governments? Simply that by conventionalities, by arrangement of conventions, some people have been deprived of the right to vote. We have attempted to set up and maintain a government upon the doctrine of the equality of man and the universal right of all men to participate in the government."

On Feb. 19, 1866, when the State of Tennessee was knocking for admission at the door of Congress, he submitted: "That said State shall make no distinction of the exercise of franchise on account of race or color."

Mr. Boutwell's belief was diametrically opposed to the doctrine of some negroes and certain white men, whose belief is that the negro should give up all his rights under the Constitution in order that there might be peace with his Southern neighbors. Even men who have been in high places uttered this pernicious doctrine, to give up voting, saying: "I fancy it can be eliminated by, on the one hand, the black man's waiting—for a generation and a half, if need be." Another says: "Get a bank account! Get a house! Get a mortgage on a white man's property, then all will be well."

Let it be known here tonight that tyrants never give liberty when once they have a man by the throat. Liberty comes when tyrants are overthrown. Did King John give liberty to the barons until they forced him? Did the South voluntarily emancipate the slaves? No. They were wrung from most unwilling hands at the cost of a billion of dollars and the loss of five hundred thousand precious lives, the youth and flower of the country.

Let me say in this old renowned hall, we can do no better than to emulate the virtues of George S. Boutwell, his indomitable will, his love of liberty, his stand for the Constitution, especially for the three amendments for which he gave his best days; "that trinity of liberty." Let us rededicate ourselves here to the unfinished work remaining before us.

Mr. Boutwell voted for the 13th amendment, which was to put in the organic law the proclamation of the immortal

Lincoln. The 14th amendment was made up of fragmentary resolutions offered by members of both houses. It was finally given to a sub-committee consisting of George S. Boutwell, Roscoe Conkling and George H. Williams. Mr. Boutwell did most of the work. The 14th amendment grew out of the necessity of the times. The ex-rebel States would have in Congress and the electoral college forty members, thus if the copper-heads of the North could carry a few Northern States and with Andrew Johnson as President, they would be in full possession of the government, which had been just wrenched from enemies.

At this time there were few men who thought the negro ought to have the right to vote as a white man. Thus we have the punitive clause. If any State deny the right to vote that State should be cut down in its representation as above stated. The friends of universal suffrage and the statesmen of that period especially foresaw the South would do what it has done to deprive the negro of the right to vote and yet retain its representation in Congress. The result of this is the 15th amendment. This was referred to a sub-committee: George S. Boutwell, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eldridge. This amendment was the work entirely of Mr. Boutwell.

Using his own words, "first of all he was devoted to liberty; not to English liberty, but to liberty." He accepted it in the fullest meaning, in the words of Kossuth: "Liberty is Liberty as God is God."

The name of the Hon. George S. Boutwell will ever be remembered and venerated by the negroes of this country. But, honored sir, Mr. Boutwell cannot be claimed by any one race or country. Cavour was an Italian. Gambetta was a Frenchman. Bismark was a German. Castelar was a Spaniard. O'Connell was an Irishman. Gladstone was an Englishman. These men belong to mankind and as long as man is struggling for man, liberty and better conditions, these great statesmen will be regarded as belonging to the world at large. So, honored sir, does Mr. Boutwell. He cannot be claimed by the Americans, but all men, all creeds and all classes will claim him as a benefactor of mankind.

That voice is now hushed and by its silence is warning us to defend the Constitution from violators at home and enemies abroad, and representing ten millions of American citizens, we are determined not to give up one right under the Constitution. We will struggle even unto death to defend and maintain it.

MR. MARTIN P. DE VEYRA, JR.

It is a great pleasure for me, a Filipino, to be here tonight to pay a tribute of gratitude and affection to a friend of Filipinos. We indeed lose by his death a devoted friend and able advocate. He was ever ready with his voice and pen to help on what he considered to be our best interests, and I wish here publicly to make acknowledgment of the debt my countrymen owe him; and I can assure you that as a people we shall ever cherish the memory of the late Gov.

Boutwell and look upon him as a dear friend and a generous benefactor.

We are a people of 8,000,000 of souls. We are a Christian people. For the inestimable benefit of the faith we are indebted to Spain. For this we must be grateful. We are far more thankful that by a turn of Providence the stewardship has been taken from Spain and placed in the care of the United States. Yet we still need patrons and advocates though we have passed from a cruel, despotic and paternal government into the hands of one that is free and progressive.

Six score and nine years ago, when you were only three millions of people, you threw off the yoke of England because you would not tolerate "taxation without representation"; you proclaimed it as a God-given heritage that you were entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that every man should serve God according to the dictates of his conscience; now that you have grown to be 80,000,000 of people, it would seem that Providence considers you fitted by the experience of these blessings and by being true to your trust, to give freedom to another people to whom you will secure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and as you "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," so I hope that one day we shall be allowed to realize that we as a people "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." This is our hope, this our aspiration. This sentiment we had before America set foot in the Philippines, and God willing and fostering, this sentiment will last till America shall set us free!

When we fought against you Americans, we did not dream of being victorious and some day holding possession of the United States; for 8,000,000 of unarmed people are too weak to win against 80,000,000 of men armed with the latest improved weapons. We fought against you because we do not want foreign rule.

I have unlimited confidence in the goodwill and the ability of the United States to give us liberty and to lead us up to good government, but we are looking forward to the happy day—and the sooner the better—when your government will leave us to ourselves to work out our destiny to suit ourselves.

There are many at home and even in this country who think that the United States intends to hold the Philippines for ever. This is the real cause of the discontent and disorder that exist now in my native land. Now it seems to me that it is unworthy of a free country like the United States to hold in subjection any country whatever; for I believe with Lincoln that no country is good enough or great enough to rule another. What we want is freedom and independence. If your country with one-third the population of the Philippines was able to work out your destiny to such noble heights, what, in the name of liberty, is to prevent us who have no mean Christian civilization from working out our destiny as befits freemen, in a manner to suit ourselves?

One word more and I have done. Besides our undying gratitude, we shall make whatever return the United States shall reasonably desire, if only she will make us free and

independent, so that in some way she may be recompensed for the sacrifices she has made in bringing to us such untold blessings.

Before concluding, I wish to offer the tribute of a grateful heart to Massachusetts and her sons for fostering more than any other State the spirit of liberty and independence for the Filipinos, and to say that in the deaths of the late Senator Hoar and Gov. Boutwell we have lost two of our most devoted friends. Peace to their ashes! May eternal happiness be theirs! May it soon be their delight to look down from the realms of bliss on the consummation of the desire which they had upon earth—that of seeing the Filipinos free!

MR. DAVID GREENE HASKINS, JR.

Of all the friends and admirers of our departed statesman, none will miss him so much, or mourn him so deeply as the members of the Anti-Imperialist League. They have been associated with him in the last years and in the last public endeavor of his life; they have served under him in a great cause; they have lost in him a counsellor, a leader, and a friend who but yesterday was at their side guiding and assisting in the work; they know that to them his place can never be filled. The history of these past six years forms the last, and, I believe, the noblest chapter in the story of a great life. I know well that many of Gov. Boutwell's friends—some even who are here this evening—did not sympathize with his Anti-Imperialist views. This is certainly not a time for controversial speech; and I would not say one word which could justly offend any of those who, at this moment, are mourning with us in a common grief over the grave of the noble dead. But we are all patriotic Americans, however diverse our opinions—all seeking the highest good of our own people and of the distant Filipinos. We must all respect and appreciate patient, strong, unselfish devotion to the common weal and to the highest ideals, even in our opponents—and so I appeal to you all, whatever your political views, to join with me—an earnest Anti-Imperialist—in paying homage to these his last years, as the grandest and noblest portion of Gov. Boutwell's long and honored life.

In the fall of 1898 his career seemed at an end. Nearly eighty-one years of age, full of honors and achievement, he had long withdrawn from public life, though always keenly interested in public affairs; and, in well-earned retirement, was quietly practicing his profession, when a startling change in American policy—the demand for the cession of the Philippine Islands—brought into being the great Anti-Imperialist movement. The League was organized in November, 1898, and Gov. Boutwell was immediately chosen its president, a position which he held till his death. Regardless of his age—an age at which most men are content to watch the course of events from the calm seclusion of retirement—he threw himself into the contest with the ardor of youth, and with the mature wisdom and serene philosophy of age. He carried on the work untiringly with tongue and pen, making many speeches, presiding at many

meetings, writing letters, attending conferences in New York, presiding over the Liberty Congress at Indianapolis in 1900. And the last act of his life was the preparation and revision—for the League—of an address to the United States Senate, which, on the evening when the fatal pneumonia attacked him, his fingers were too weak to sign.

An intense and devoted Republican, repeatedly honored by the organization with high office, he did not hesitate, in his old age, to break the political affiliations and friendships of nearly half a century, when, as he believed, the party, fascinated by the glamour of colonialism, had proved recreant to its earlier ideals; just as, in his young manhood, he had abandoned the Democratic party when he deemed it false to the cause of human liberty.

He was lured by no hope of public office. It was too late for any such ambition or possibility. He sought no personal gain. He did not shrink from unpopularity nor falter in his course, when the cause, which to him was sacred, was mistakenly denounced as unpatriotic. And the motive which prompted him was a pure love of liberty, a patriotic devotion to democratic principles, as he understood them; a supreme desire for the maintenance of American ideals, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence. The same passion for human freedom which made him in youth the bitter foe of the slave power, in age compelled him to defend the rights of the struggling Filipinos. But it was not primarily the rights of those remote people that moved him; it was his profound conviction that the colonial policy was a deadly menace to democratic institutions and principles here at home.

You may not all agree with his views, but I am sure you must all admire his unselfish patriotism, his singleness of purpose, and his old-fashioned American love of liberty. It has been my great privilege to be a member of the executive committee of the League from its formation, and the intimate association with Gov. Boutwell will always be one of the cherished memories of my life.

For more than three years we have held our fortnightly meetings at his office in the Exchange building. In this familiar intercourse we have learned not merely to respect and admire, but to love him. We have learned to recognize the perfect sincerity of his character; the absence of any attempt at rhetorical display, the extraordinary democratic simplicity of the man who had filled almost every high office in the country but that of President, and yet was as unpretending in manner as any young country lawyer; the calm judgment undisturbed by emotion or excitement, the serene confidence in the final triumph of our cause, the thorough devotion to the best interests—as he conceived them—of the Republic.

A true American has passed from this earthly scene; one who recalled the virtues, the strength, the simplicity of the Puritan and the Revolutionary patriot. He has left us, full of years and honors, respected by all, untouched by the bitter hostility encountered by some other workers in the cause. He has left us a splendid example of unselfish patriotism. His memory is an inspiration.

Another link with the historic past is broken. Another great figure of the "brave days of old" has gone. But it is not so much that fact that has brought this audience here tonight. The memory of the public is short. The great events and actors of forty years ago seem vague and indistinct today. We are here, I think, the most of us, to honor and to mourn the great champion of freedom, whose voice still sounds in our ears, whose pen is but just laid aside.

My own humble tribute, which I proffer with heartfelt appreciation, I would lay tonight on the grave—not of the young coalition governor, not of the member of Congress, the senator or the secretary of the treasury—but on that of George Sewall Boutwell, the lifelong lover of liberty, the honored president of the Anti-Imperialist League.

MR. JULIUS ROTTENBERG.

It is with a feeling of deep and reverent admiration that I rise to add the richly deserved meed of praise to the memory of that great departed leader George Sewall Boutwell, late Governor of this Commonwealth, whose name is irrevocably linked with that other great leader and his personal friend, Kossuth Lajos, the mention of whose names evoke the most beautiful memories, and conjure up thoughts so sacred that words are inadequate to do it justice.

It seems most natural to join these heroic names, for both stand for universal freedom. Till the day of his lamented death, the voice of the distinguished governor was ever heard in defence of the rights, privileges and prerogatives of the people. His great and potential personality was ever exerted for the upbuilding and uplifting of humanity.

At an age which should bring the repose and serenity of life's eventide, Governor Boutwell, with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm, born of the highest ideals of Justice, Truth and Right, was a most conspicuous figure at all important public meetings, where questions affecting the liberties and rights of the citizen were under discussion, and his voice was ever raised, here and elsewhere, to throttle slavery and serfdom and to set his seal of condemnation on any act which made for bondmen.

Our historic Faneuil Hall, the Cooper Institute in our sister city of New York, often resounded with the sledge-hammer blows struck by him upon the anvil of Liberty, and the applause of multitudes of an approving people encouraged him to champion their cause and to protect their rights.

George Sewall Boutwell was a great man. Great in the sense that Abraham Lincoln was great. He, like Lincoln, loved the common people, listened to the common people, sympathized with the common people.

The high offices he held never lessened his love for his downtrodden brother. The secret of his popularity was his broadness of view, social, political, religious.

He was tolerant, he was not looking about to discover the mote in his brother's eye, he believed in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. I therefore justly

accord to him a niche in the halls of the great. As time goes on, he will become greater and greater.

Never in vain did that venerable figure arise to denounce a wrong, particularly when it was in the line of human oppression. We are the better, the freer and the stronger because of his having been with us, and we must be grateful to the Allwise and All Merciful Father who permitted this great and useful character to have abided with us the time allotted.

Always ready to sacrifice any and everything save honor on the altar of liberty, his name will live not only in the annals of our glorious Commonwealth and upon the historic and never dying tablets of our Republic, but also throughout foreign lands where people dwell who are now giving up life and fortunes in their struggle for freedom and independence.

The name of George Sewall Boutwell will never die, but live throughout all posterity as a shining example of fine citizenship in a great republic, and as a brilliant example of the rise of a man on his merits amid the approval and appreciation of the people to a character devoted to Truth, Liberty and the Right, and be forever entwined with the name of that great leader and his friend, Kossuth Lajos. These men will never die, their names will be enshrined on the memory of man until time shall be no more.

THE REV. PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

My tribute to the memory of Governor Boutwell is the tribute of a fellow-townsman. Mr. Boutwell came to Groton in 1835 as a clerk in a store, and from that time until his death he was a resident of the town. Throughout that long period of 70 years his interest in local matters never flagged, and at one time or another he held every office of importance connected with town affairs. The result is that all our institutions, political, agricultural, educational, religious, are permanently indebted to his services.

But he was interested not only in organizing; he was interested also in people. He knew his neighbors and knew them well. Their personal history, their traits of character, their possibilities of usefulness, were all subjects of concern to him, while his keen and friendly scrutiny made many a modest discovery in human nature which escaped the notice of ordinary men.

Honors greater than we could give awaited him beyond the limits of our town. People more distinguished than ourselves were glad to admit him to their friendship. Yet no honors were given him more freely than were ours, no friendships were bestowed upon him more heartily. And high as he might climb in affairs of distinction, he was not one to despise the steps of his ascent. New honors could not elate him, new friends could not usurp his affection. So with all his customary plainness of manner he still walked among his fellow-townsmen, devoid both of the ostentation which arouses envy and of the heedlessness which cools regard.

There are many who are able to engage in extensive enterprises, and to find for themselves a place in matters

of large dimensions. And doubtless a man whose activities can be bounded only by a wide circle which touches a vast number of important affairs may gain some measure of fame; but true greatness is reserved for him whose career is best illustrated by a series of concentric circles in which those of shorter radius retain their clearness while the larger curves are being described. It is something to engage in great affairs, but every such accomplishment is enhanced by the power still to keep in touch with the humbler concerns of life. It is no slight achievement to retain the warm regard of one's neighbors while gaining the attention of a nation. Yet this achievement was Governor Boutwell's. His high qualities began at home, and though they spread their influence far abroad they never deserted the quiet scenes of their beginning. Thus, when we attempt to estimate the reality and the permanence of his work in larger spheres, we can do so with entire confidence that his life will bear the rigid tests of personal and neighborhood relationships.

As time goes on and our nation outgrows its boast of youthful power, the demand for the brilliant qualities which dazzle wide areas will be supplanted by a demand for the thoroughgoing qualities which compel the respect of near associates. The latter qualities Governor Boutwell possessed to an extraordinary degree. And when we strive to emulate his example we shall do well to begin, as he began, by winning the regard of those who are nearest us; then, although our accomplishment may not be as large as his, it cannot fail to be as genuine.

DR. P. J. TIMMINS.

All native Americans do not appreciate the galling weight of the exile's chain. Born citizens of this republic, lately well styled "The capital fruit of Christian civilization," they may reasonably think the immigrant to these shores is more to be envied than pitied. But it is a part of human nature the world over to be affected by that mysterious charm which hallows the place called home, and it is natural for the Irish heart to cling with fondness to its parent isle of green, all the dearer for its sufferings, and to be drawn in a special manner to those native Americans who are great enough to recognize the justice of this feeling and to give it the approval of their enlightened sympathy. It is for this reason that the name of Governor Boutwell will stir the love of Irish hearts for generations, hardly less than the name of Wendell Phillips.

When the convention which met in this hall two years ago last October brought together the best of our race in eloquence and patriotism, what feature of it most deeply moved the assembled delegates? It was not the magnificent oratory of Bourke Cockran, nor the graceful eloquence of John Redmond, the able leader of the Irish nation. Neither was it the attendance of the self-sacrificing patriot John Dillon, nor of the one-armed champion of universal freedom, Michael Davitt. It was not the sight of the great Canadian, Edward Blake, who denied himself the enjoyment of the ripe fruit of political preferment at home that

he might give the help of his mature statesmanship to the cause of the home of his fathers. None of those honorable gentlemen, who have done so much for their race, made as great an impression on the convention of the United Irish League as did Mr. Boutwell, when he stood on this platform and modestly claimed, not that he was a greater, but an older Home Ruler than any of those assembled within these walls; because fifty-one years before, as Governor of Massachusetts, he had presided at a similar demonstration in Faneuil Hall.

And how pleased were the gentlemen whom I have named when they were told that we called Mr. Boutwell our "Grand Old Man." For truly grand was he whose "splendid humanity" was as "large as mankind." He is but a poor specimen of manhood whose human sympathy extends not beyond the boundary of his own race or creed. He alone is worthy of honor and imitation who, like your Garrisons, Phillipses and Capens, is a practiced believer in the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. Governor Boutwell was such a man, and we are assembled, the representatives of different races and associations, to show our respect for his memory.

Because he believed in the justice of Home Rule for the Irish, he believed in Home Rule for the Filipinos. He felt keenly the truth so well expressed by Abraham Lincoln, that no man is good enough to own his fellow man, and he knew and preached it to the discomfiture of robbers and hypocrites, that no nation is magnanimous enough to govern another nation without robbing it.

It is proper, therefore, that we of the Irish race join with you in exalting the name of this noble son of Massachusetts, our brother by the bond of gratitude, no less dear than yours by the ties of birth and blood. Men of his lofty character have a powerful influence in making loyal and devoted citizens of the strangers who flock to these shores; for who that is touched by the magnetic kindliness of such a man can fail to love the motherland that bore him?

Governor Boutwell's belief in human right and liberty was not theoretical. He spoke, wrote and worked for these with a marvellous industry for one of his years. In the honest "strength of youth" some men worship ideals which they repudiate in after years. Herbert Spencer wrote invincible logic to prove that all men are born with equal claims to the use of the earth. He was weak enough to suppress this teaching in a subsequent edition of "Social Statics." Tennyson beautifully expressed some thoughts in "Locksley Hall" which he tried to nullify sixty years later.

George S. Boutwell feared not the frown of the selfish potentates of earth, his motto to the end of his honorable life being "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." This is why we honor his memory, and I am grateful, on behalf of the race I represent, for the privilege that is mine tonight of laying by the side of your immortelles a wreath of shamrocks on his grave, and of uttering the prayer of the Irish heart: "Eternal rest and peace to his great immortal soul."

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR., in closing the meeting said:

It will be remembered that the gossiping chronicle of the days of the Merry Monarch left us by Samuel Pepys constantly ends the tale of a notable evening with the tag: "And so to bed."

The time has come when this notable evening must close, and we, too, must reluctantly disperse, after surely as stirring an evening as any in the old diarist's records.

This hall has seen and heard many notable events, but I doubt if ever before men have gathered as they have to-night, from Europe, Asia, Africa and America, literally from the four quarters of the world, to testify to the value of the services of one who loved his own country first, but strove beyond that as few others have for the realization of "The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Town Offices in Groton.

Selectman: 1846-1850.
Town Clerk: 1846-1850.
School Committee: 1839, 1854, 1858-1863, 1868-1870.
Trustee of Public Library: 1855-1860, 1892-1905.

State Offices and Functions.

Member of Board of Education: 1851-1852 (ex-officio), 1853-1855, 1861-1863.
Secretary of Board of Education: October, 1855-Jan. 1, 1861.
Board of Overseers of Harvard College: 1851-1860.
Member of Legislature: 1841-1843, 1846-1849.
Governor: 1851, 1852.
Delegate to Constitutional Convention: 1853.
Commissioner of Savings Banks: 1849-1851.
Commissioner to determine an award in Back Bay Lands matter between the Commonwealth and the City of Boston: 1859.
Delegate to Peace Congress, Washington, D. C.: 1861.
Delegate to Republican Convention: 1860, 1880.
One of twenty-seven persons to organize Republican Party in Massachusetts: 1855.

National Offices.

Postmaster at Groton, Mass.: Jan. 22, 1841-April 15, 1841.
Member of Military Commission under War Department: Appointed June, 1862, resigned July, 1862.
Commissioner of Internal Revenue: Appointed July 16, 1862, resigned March 4, 1863.
Member House of Representatives: 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st Congresses. Resigned March, 1873.
Secretary of Treasury: Appointed March 11, 1869, resigned March 17, 1873.
U. S. Senator: March 17, 1873-March 4, 1877.

Law Practice.

Admitted to Suffolk Bar, Mass., Jan. 1862.
Admitted to Bar of U. S. Supreme Court, Dec. 9, 1864.
Admitted to Bar of U. S. Court of Claims, November 24, 1884.
Appointed by President Hayes, March 15, 1877, Commissioner to Revise the Statutes of the United States, 1877-1878.
Appointed by President Hayes, Agent and Counsel for the United States, before the Board of International Arbitrators for Settlement of Claims between France and the United States, 1880-1883.
Counsel for Hayti, 1885.
Counsel for Hawaii, 1886.
Counsel for Chili, before International Arbitrators for Settlement of Claims between Chili and the United States, 1893-1894.

Academic Degrees and Honors.

LL. D. from Harvard College, 1851.
LL. D. from Tufts College, 1902.
Elected a Member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, July 18, 1861.
Elected a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, January 28, 1857.

President of the Anti-Imperialist League, November 19, 1898—February 27, 1905.

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